the analogy between the lawn mower, th

ippers this morning," remarked the illet-headed individual to his companion

the man with the close-cropped

gin from one of his rout swig of a long-drawn-out swig of his nose of h

far forward, and the vell went unheeded

He couldn't reach the gong-rope.

The five-dollar bill with which he in

tended to inflict a cruel blow upon some unsuspecting bookmaker through the med-

um of Clipper in the first race was curle

beneath the sweatband of that lost hat so Lafe, the extremely black barber, tool

the only chance to regain it that he saw

hopped over the rear dashboard of the

He came down in a huddle and tore both

of the knees out of his trousers as neatly as if the torn places had been scissored

his anatomy, but he didn't stop to re

the rails. He shuddered miserabl

pon his lost hat, which rested close to

as he saw the car, with unslackened speed

on his head as best he could, and waited

approaching around the bend he took up

box he ran into the mulatto who had passed him the Clipper tip that caused him to throw

up his job that morning.
"Nuthin' doin', Lafe," said the mulatto
to the speeding barber. "Ah heah Clippuh

ain't radey tuh-day-he all'll git th' coin th' nex' time out."

the yellow man's comment. He was get-ting over the ground at a gallop. He gained the stool of the bookmaker nearest

the path just as the crowd began to rus out of the ring to see the race. He didn

stop to examine the prices on the book

maker's slate.
"Clippuh!" he shouted to the bookmaker,

thrusting his \$5 note under the layer's nose, "Straight?" inquired the bookmaker.
"They're off!" yelled the field ring an-

"Yessuh, straight," said the extremely

olack barber "Four hundred to five, Clipper," hastily alled out the bookmaker, as he jumped rom his stool and raced out to the lawn

to watch the race.

The barber didn't go out to the lawn to witness the race. He was too breathless and weary. He leaned against a pillar and fanned himself with his flattened

nat, wearing that indescribable air of recti-ude which bettors on the horses assume when, in the face of every temptation,

ney stay with their tips or picks. The great shout that shortly arose from

the lawn didn't arouse him, until he heard the tremendous root, "Come on, you Clip-per!" Then he grinned, stopped fanning himself and stood listening. The book-makers and sheet writers began to come

back to the ring.
"Only a walk for Clipper," they said, joyously, for it had been a fine break for them, with the rank outsider first past the wire and the favorite back in the ruck.

About 8 o'clock that night Lafe, the ex remely black barber, sauntered into the onsorial establishment in which he had

been employed up to that morning, dropped into the chair of his recent boss and re-marked with a broad grin as he exhibited

a roll about as big around as an alarm clock:
"Ab wants mah haiuh singed, an'

shave, an' uh egg shampoo, an' ef yo' kin git a couple o' common nigguhs in heah tuh fan me w'ile yo's wukkin', git 'em!" The extremely black barber tipped his

recent boss a two-dollar note when he left the chair, and later on in the evening

he bought the mulatto's expensive ram' horn Panama for \$12. The mulatto had

TABBY AND HER BABY RAT.

Reared It as Her Own Offspring. From the Edinburgh Scotsman

Tabby, our old cat, lived in the barn with

her family of kittens. She made her home in the stall of Dandy, one of the farm horses,

The extremely black barber didn't hear

panting.

black barber

perfore he again regained his pose

he race track, and in the middle

of the open car

ippers

sport calm

TALE OF A FORTUNE WASTED.

MORELOS TELLS HOW HE SPENT \$337,000 IN THREE YEARS.

Money Made to Fly by a Mexican Prodigal Part Gone in Dissipation, Part in Gambling, Part in Business Ventures He is a Day Laborer Now

PASADENA, Cal., July 24.-A modern prodigal has been ding the hardest kind of manual labor in Pomona Valley during the last half year. For a few months he was a day laborer, digging trenches for sewers In the streets of this city, and now he is in a section gang of railroad trackmen.

He is Manuel Guzman Morelos, a member of a prominent family of Monterey. mexico. When he was eft an orphan i 1898 he had \$337,000 to his credit in a bank in Monterey. He was then 22. To-day at the age of 26, he has not one cent left of his fortune

He has not even a bit of the wealth of family silver, not a souvenir of the fine old Morelos mansion, not a stray garment from his former wardrobe of more than 700 pieces. Not so much as a single article of jewelry out of the great rosewood jewel cases that he inherited remains in his posession. Everything has gone

Most of his property took wings in New York and European capitals. Too proud to let his relatives and friends in Mexico know how thoroughly his patrimony had been dissipated, he came to southern California and sought his livelihood by the first work that he could get. Here among stran gers he has been contentedly working with pickaxe and shovel at \$1.50 a day, and he eays he has really enjoyed life more since he earned his own livelihood than ever before.

"Oh, I've got over brooding over m frightful prodigality and the sorry state foolishness has brought upon me, said Morelos as he sat on a sandbank alongside the Southern Pacific Railroad track the other day and munched his noonday meal from his tin dinner-pail. "Why, yes, I'll tell how I spent my fortune.

To begin with, I was born in Monterey Mexico, in 1876. While my father was making a fortune at the Luneta silver mine mother and I and our servants travelled in Europe and America.

"When I was 19 I went to an art school in Paris to please my mother. I never had the least taste for art, but the school gave me a chance to see gay life.

"Mother died suddenly while we were in Europe and I went back to Monterey For two years I loafed there and in the City of Mexico, with an occasional trip across the Gulf to Havana.

Then came the news that father had dropped dead from apoplexy in his lawyer's office in Zacatecas. I was his only heir and after the mines had been sold, the law-suits settled and all bills paid. I had exactly \$337,000 in gold deposited in the bank at

Monterey.
"Friends came to me by the score. helped me to spend my money and a few advised me to employ an honorable man experienced in business to invest my fortune

safe securities.
"With letters of credit in my pocket I started for New York, intending to have one more year of sight-seeing and frolic with the lads I knew in Paris and Brussels, and then to settle down and show Zacatecas and Monterey that I could do business as well as my father. At New Orleans I met several wealthy young men from Vera Cruz and Guadalajara, Mexico, who were travelling about for pleasure, and with our cham-pagne suppers at the St. Charles Hotel, dinners for friends of both sexes at Lake Pontchartrain and the rovelry of the Mardi Gras season, I saw life through new eyes.

"I had my own money and my com-unions told me I had enough of it to live a long life of jollity.

"You can't carry your money to heaven."

with you, they argued whenever I took a serious view of my heavy bills, so what's the use of pinching and worrying? Let to-morrow take care of itself."

"I believe those six weeks in New Or-leans cut my fortune down to about \$300,000.
One day three of us chartered a special car.

had an expert stock it with good things to

eat and drink for two weeks and then we started for New York.

"On the way we stopped at Atlanta, Richmond, Old Point Comfort, Baltimore and Washington and got to New York in May. Then another season of hilarity began. Three of us, two Mexicans and a friend from Mobile, Ala., went the pace for

landed in a private hospital on River side Drive. We nominally lived at the Waldorf, but there were days, blanks in my life, when we never saw the hotel. We hired boxes at the opera at \$100 a night and never went to occupy them. We would order and pay for elaborate private dinners for ourselves and friends and not even think of them until the next day. "Our acquaintances in the city included

scores of chorus girls, several prima donnas and a few fine people who have made fort-unes in trade with Spanish-America and a multitude of men and women who make an industry of waiting about New York's hotels for just such people as we were. I remember one bill for jeweiry scattered among my newly made friends amounted

*We spent time and money at Coney Island, Long Branch and Saratoga. We made up a party of twenty or so to go to Bar Harbor. All the tickets were busy for a modister were busy for a fortnight getting our party fashionably dressed and gowned for a tour of the Atlan-

dressed and gowned for a four of the Atlantic resorts, principally at my expense.

"Then something occurred in our champagne revels to change the plans and in a moment of anger I tore up the tickets and disbanded the party But I had to settle all the bills later.

"I was unfortunate with vingt-et-un the statement of the settle all the bills later.

at Saratoga, and it cost me before I was through with it more of my fortune than carousals, jewelled gifts and extravagan

living bills
"While sick I made good resolves, but while sick I made good resolves, but when I got well Paris beckoned me day and night. And I went. On the way over vingt-et-un got possession of me and I never gambled so recklessly. Once I played for thirty hours at a stretch. I think that cost me some \$6,000 or \$8,000.

"It would take a book to tall how I tossed

"It would take a book to tell how I tossed away chunks of my fortune in Europe I pass over the fancy dress bails I gave friends in the Latin quarter; my hiring orchestra at Maxim's to play nothing Mexican and American airs for an evening at a time; my presents to Parisian singers and a long list of costly frivolities that flatterers made me believe would se-

cure me fame and popularity forever. business man. Some one suggested that a weekly filustrated paper that would give Spanish-Americans in Europe the latest news from Mexico, Central America and especially Cuba would be profitable. That investment cost me about \$40,000 I remember paying more than \$2,000

one month for cablegrams. The beautifuscheme fell flat.
"Disgusted with business ventures. resolved to make a hurried tour of Europe and get back to Mexico. In Milan, how-ever, I met some more of my New York ever, I met some more of my New Fork friends and was once more a creature of pleasure. For three months I dallied in Italy. I went across the Adriatic to Greece with a party of French and Spanish gen-tlemen, to whom I was the financial host, and we spent all of the month of August 1899, in an old palace, which we leased with all its servants and full equipment for a

fabulous sum. "On Christmas day, 1899, my mother's "On Christmas day, 1899, my mother's brother, who had become frightened at my recklessness, came to me in Madrid, and together we took account of stock. I had some \$170,000 left. Uncle was surprised that I had anything at all.

"Again I looked about for a business investment. This time I put \$50,000 at one time into a private company that was to manufacture from old Castilian recipes

to manufacture from old Castilian recipes

a lot of table sauces for use in all parts of the world. I saw millions in it. I soon found that my money was the only capita

paid in.
"For nine months a lot of scheming Spaniards lived on my monthly outlays of cash for conducting the concern. last we had on hand a dozen different pery sauces and condiments in quantities enough to float a ship. Meanwhile we inenough to float a ship. Meanwhile we in-curred a debt of some \$35,000 for advertising in hundreds of publications in Europe. When I had spent \$76,000 altogether in table squees I quit, and going c dealta never went back to see the prop-rly or to face angry creditors. Once more in Italy, I abandoned busi-

ness ideas as altogether too expensive for me. I preferred to have something for my money. I hunted up my former de-lightful but costly companions.

"More months of joy and more thou-stude to my borrowing friends for expenses followed. We would in a strain yeart over

lowed. We went in a steam yacht over Alexandria, to Tunis and Tripoli and nt up the Nhe until we grew weary of ent up

the monotory.

"I tired of Europe and hearing that there were opportunities for me to make money and live well at the same time in Havana. I sailed for Cuba. There I invested \$22,000 in a tobacco plantation, only to find after I had made a beautiful hactends out of a still the same that the same time is the same time in Havana. wilderness that the title was imperfect Then I was mad. I had no further use for usiness and went back to Paris in the winter

Next I landed in London, where I kept on deposit the little remnant of my father's money. I half-heartedly tried to get em-ployment as translator of Spanish into inglish, meanwhile living at the Hotel

Metropole.

"More of my old friends came about me and a gay life took every dollar I had left. I spent the last cent of my fortune on a nner with a friend

"For weeks after that I lived on money raised at pawnbrokers'. I sacrificed all my personal effects bit by bit. The last was my father's diamond-studded watch. Then I borrowed money for a while, for I had earned the art from lending to my companions times without number.
"I got work in an olive importing house

London where my Spanish and Italian helped me, but the duties were too exacting and I was discharged. Then I got work on Brazilian steamer and was let go at Ric "I had worked my way on a coffee boat

up to Costa Rica and finally got to the City of Mexico again. I worked in Yucatan as a sort of timekeeper during the fall of 1901 for a company of Americans who were planting rubber trees on contract. I think that my knowledge of Spanish was my sole qualification for the work, easy as it was.

I would get my book accounts muddled in spite of my efforts to be correct. "The old liking for wine and indolence came upon me and one day I was discharged I knew of an old family in Chiapas who had known my father years ago. I went to see them and to beg for shelter there until I knew what to do, but when I drew near the acienda I was too ashamed to reveal nyself to such good people and inform myself to such good people and inform them how I had thrown away my father's

fortune. "Several months I worked on a coffee plantation in the neighborhood for 80 cents a day, Mexican money, and my board and lodging. Those were my saddest days. There I was ordered about like a peon, and cursed because I liked mescal too much.

A few years before I might have bought all the coffee fincas in the valley, and besides have a few thousand dollars to throw

to the birds. I dreamed time and again that I had my fortune back again and was once more in gay companionship. I won't say how many times I drank mescal long and hard to forget what I had once been "At length my appetite for intoxicants laid me low again. tain and desert to Guadalajara

out intoxicants. But it was no use.
"I resolved to get out of Mexico, for the memory of what I had been there and my honor and wealth made me melan-I got to Juarez on the Rio Grande by beating my way on the cars and working along the way for carfare. When I went through Zacatecas I would not look about

a baker and tried to keep up courage with-

me upon familiar scenes for my very shame.
"At El Paso I worked two weeks as a sweeper and window washer for a gambling house. A woman gambler took a fancy to me and gave me \$25 for some clothes. Then she backed me for faro, and it seemed for a time that my bold days had returned, but plunged into faro and lost not only all the

\$250 I had made with my companion's capital, but some \$300 of her money.
"I saw her angry face as I came out of the gambling place and hastened down the street. An hour later I caught a Southern Pacific freight and got to Tucson. There I spent a mouth among the gamblers.

"Then I got to Yuma, where I worked at painting a flatboat for Capt. Mellin. When

hat was done I got along to Los Angeles "I worked for a short time in a Los Angeles lumber yard and on the streets. I tried to get work more suitable for my rearing and station, but it was impossible. I believe the wicked failure I have been is stamped

in my face "Then some Mexican friends told me that they and others of my countrymen had good-paying jobs on the sewer work in Pomona. I walked to Pomona with several Mexicans, and the next day we went to work on Hamilton avenue."

DUSTY OLD MISSISSIPPI. A Traveller's Theory as to a Concomitant of Travel on the Father of Waters.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "The Mississippi River is the dustiest road the whole country," said a man who travels on the river a great deal, "and if you don't believe it put on a white shirt sometime and make a cruise up the river a few hundred Really, no thoughtful man would be stupid enough to question the statement

I was reading an article some time ago about the dust of the sea, and from the decription given of the fine, dry sediment which falls from the damp mist of the sea am inclined to think that the deposit is not n it with the dust of the Mississippi. The water of the river is charged with fine particles. The heavy particles in the water do not leave the surface except to sink at some point where an obstruction diverts the current and causes a temporary poise. It is this condition which forms the immense bars, or sand banks, which we find along the river. These formations are due altogether to the resistence encountered by the currents of the river. Mind you, the heavier particles of the river figure in these formations. The lighter particles, and the kind I have in mind at this time, form a sort of river

dust which is wafted here and there by the winds which sweep the stream. I have heard a great many men advance the idea that this dust was blown from the sand bars and banks of the river during the dry season. But there is nothing in this claim which will explain satisfactorily the constant settling of dust on the boats plying the Mississippi. It blows into the cabin, settles on the deck and other exposed portions of the boat, and is just like any other kind of dust which one may find in an ordinary road during a dry season. There is this difference, that it is possibly not so dry, and liference, that it is possibly not so dry, and hence has a greater cohesive power it ticks to the thing it falls on. I have been ravelling on the river for a quarter of a century in the lover trade, and I have paid considerable attention to this question of iver dust, and it is really a very interesting subject and one which should receive more attention. It may be pure or impure. In yjudgment, no kind of dust can be very oure! How this dust gets out of the river cannot say, but since no scientist has exclaimed the matter or set up a standard of udgment in this respect. I have a right to my opinion on the subject.

There are, in my judgment, two ways of ting the fine particles out of the water, ey may rise with the mist of the morning, d when the sun dries and dissipates the when the sfin dries and dissipates the these fine particles become the sport e winds, and are blown hither and er. Or it may be that the influence of an on the surface of the water will sufficiently dry and bake these finer particles ake them an easy prey to the winds, wind which constantly sweeps the surfort the river would brush them from cater and waft them with the direction e wind, do not pretend to say that wind. I do not pretend to say that exactly what happens, but it seems be a reasonable explanation of the e to be a reasonable explanation we tence of the strange phenomenon we

HE GOT THE TIP ON CLIPPER.

THE BLACK BARBER PLAYED IT IN SPITE OF OBSTACLES.

Outcome of a Long Shot Hunch Inspired by a Customer Who Didn't Stick to It Difficulties in the Barber's Path Before Getting His Money Down.

Along toward 11 o'clock on Saturday norning a week ago a young mulatto wearing much purple and fine linen and several large straw diamonds, strolled into an exclusively Ethiopian barber shop in West Twenty-ninth street. After hanging up his expensive ram's horn Panama and shepherd's plaid coat, he plumped himself grandly into one of the rear chairs and said to the extremely black barber presiding over the chair:

"Close tuh mah haid, Lafe." Lafe, the extremely black barber, got out his clippers and set to work on the

mulatto's tight kinks. "Yo' all right uh-playin' them clippuhs. remarked the mulatto, with a grin after the work had been in progress for a while. "But they ain't nuthin' in it," replied the barber, sulkily. "Ah'd suah lak tuh play

sumthin' that had somethin' in it. The right ear of the young man in the chair seemed to prick forward like that of a fox terrier that sees another of his breed down the block

"Yo' would?" he said. "They's a babe in tuh-day's fust race that'll buy yo' Lily uh di'mon' haht an' uh foolahd dress ef yo' goes down th' line on him."

"C way f'um heah, coon," contempts ously ejaculated the extremely black barber. "Doan' yo' gimme no mo' o' them no-'count skates. Ah put two dolluhs on that las' one vo' all handed me an' ah didn' have ary smoke fo' uh week."

The mulatto in the chair didn't make an reply for a while. Then he twisted his half-cropped head about and gazed up at Lafe, the extremely black barber, with a

"Th' noma o' this heah speed ball whut's goin' tuh jes' nachully swim in in th' fust race is Clippuh," he said. "An' yo' all suah know how tuh play th' clippuhs, Lafe." The extremely black barber pushed the mulatto's head back into position, but he didn't say anything.

"Clippuh," went on the young man, "i th' ham whut am. He all's uh Westuhn hoss an' he'll jes breeze in. Saw him wuk lak uh Black Di'mon' 'Spress befo' daylight vistiddy mornin'."

Lafe, the barber, joggled the customer's head this way and that, but said nothing. There was a considerable pause.

"Clippuh," said the mulatto at length breaking the pause, "will be uh hunnered tuh one babe.

Lafe still maintained his silence. He fin ished his clipping job and elaborately anointed the young man. There was dreamy look in his eye as he pulled off the apron. The mulatto primped himself before the glass and was just starting of when the extremely black barber turned to him with an indifferent manner that obviously feigned.

"How does yo' all know that Clippuh's uh-goin' tuh be any hunnered tuh one nigguh," he inquired, throwing a lot o suspicion into his tone
"Nevuh min," replied the mulatto, picking up his cane and starting to stroll out.

Ah'm alradev spendin' de coin "Ah'm alradey spendin' de coin.

After the mulatto had gone the extremely black barber looked over his razors and picking one of them out began putting an edge on it on a stone covered with lather. Every once in a while he would stop passing the razor back and forth on the stone and gaze vacantly at the ceiling and at such times his lips would move, seeming to form the words, "Clippuh-hunnered tuh

one."

The boss barber, another very black man. was busying himself in the front of the shop when Lafe addressed him. "Boss," said the extremely black barber,

"how bout man gittin off fo' th' aftuhnoon?"

The boss barber wheeled upon his employee with extreme astonishment depicted

upon his coal-black features.
"Nigguh." he said, when he was able to speak at all, "is yo' got anuthuh quaht o' gin hid uhroun' heah or is yo' fea' bughouse? Git off on a Satuhday aftuhnoon? An' leave me heah uhlore tuk leave me heah uhlone tuh tek caiuh 'bout fohty coons' haids an' faces?" Lafe didn't say anything more just ther but went on adding to the edge of his razor

But his lips still moved in time with the strokes, and they still seemed to be forming when he had finished with the razor he put it away and then started to arrange

the periodicals lying around on the chairs and tables. The first paper he picked up was an old copy of the Clipper that had been left in the shop by a song and dance When the extremely black barber saw the word "Clipper" in hig letters at the top of the first page, he gave a gasp. He held the paper out before him and gazed at the

name of it, and then studied the ceiling for a long time. Then he walked over to the boss barber, who was standing at the front

ness fo' uh fac'."

"Ah ain't got no time tuh talk with crazy coons," snorted the boss barber. "Yo' cain't git off, an' that's all they is tuh it."

The extremely black barber walked back to his chair. He opened the drawer in which he kept his razors and scissors and there lourneyman's tools and began to rach. other journeyman's tools and began to pack

them away in a piece of newspaper with great deliberation. The boss barber observed him doing this.

"Whut yo' all gwine tuh do, man?" asked the boss barber gloweringly.

"Who, me?" said his employee. "Ah'm uh-goin' tuh tek this heah aftuhnoon off. Ah jes' nachully am."

"Then yo' all's out o' a job, Lafe," said the boss barber threateningly.

"They's othuh jobs," replied the extremely black barber determinedly. "Gimme served him doing this.

tremely black barber determinedly. "Gimme

mah time."
"Give yo' nuthin'." said the boss barber flercely, seeing that his threat hadn't worked. "No bahbuh's uh-goin' tuh leave me this heah way on uh Satuhday aftuh noon an git no time f'um me. The extremely black barber took one of his razors out of his package, opened it

or fazors out of ms package, opened in carefully and got the conventional grip on it that is employed when the wielder means to enforce a demand. Then he suddenly sprang at the boss barber, who was standing in a corner of the shop, and pinning him against the wall with his lef pinning nim against the wall with lister forearm, held the edge of the razor at the boss barber's throat. "Yo' glume mah eight dolluhs, man," he said hoarsely to his employer. "Gimme mah eight dolluhs or Ah'll cut yo' lak uh

hog."
"Yo' win," weakly murmured the boss harber, and the extremely black barber dropped his forearm and let his employer out of the corner.

He followed the boss's right-hand move-

ment to his trousers pocket with a hawk's eye, holding the razor ready for business His employer counted out a five and three one-dollar bills from his roll and passed them over to his employee.

The latter tucked the three one-dollar

The latter tucked the three one-dollar bills into his waistcoat pocket and slipped the five-dollar note under the sweat band of his straw hat, which he took down from the nail and put on his head. He finished packing his tools in the piece of newspaper, put on his coat and started out.

"Yo' ain't get no mo' job heah, Lafe," said the boss barber.

"They's lots o' jobs," said the extremely black barber, and out he went.

black barber, and out he went.
When he got around to his one-room abode in Thirty-first street and threw his kit on the bed his extremely black Lily scrutinized him for some time without say ing anything.
"Is yo' fluhed, Lafe?" she asked him

in an offhand tone, when she had finished her fruitless examination of him.
"Fluhed, nuthin'," he responded, as he started cut. "Ah jes' mek up mah min' that Ah'm nachully too strong evuh t' wuk no mo'," with which inexplicable statement as to his position he walked GREAT SHIPYARD.

out, leaving the singularly black Lily in a state bordering upon stuperaction. The extremely black barber got into HISTORY OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF MANY FAMOUS SHIPS.

The extremely black barber got into the half-holiday crush at the Bridge along toward I o'clock, and contrived to wriggle into a standing room pesition on the rear platform of a Ceney Island car. His condition of high mental exaltation was still manifested by the occasional movement of his lips, as he gazed upon the grassy slopes and truck farms and woodland spaces on either side of the tracks. A proficient in the system of lip reading for mutes might have caught these words from the silent conversation of the extremely black barber: "Clippuh—hunnered tuh one."

Midway of the journey on the trolley car Is Seventy-three Years Old, and Has Outlived All Its Rivals but One Some Details of its Equipment Vessels That It Has Turned Out More Than 300 Ships Completed at the Yard.

Cramp's shipyard, the principal shipbuilding plant in the United States, and one f the important yards of the world, cele brates its entrance upon its seventy-third Midway of the journey on the trolley car he caught sight of an employee of a small railroad station engaged in clipping the grass with a lawn mower. He must have traced year by issuing through the Cheltenham Press of this city a small volume giving the history of the great Philadelphia institution. The story it tells is interesting.

the analogy between the laws mower, the hair-effacing tool of his own trade and the mission upon which he was bound, for he slapped his thigh and hee-hawed enthusiastically, to the vast wonderment of the others standing on the rear platform.

Still further down the line, he overheard The shipyard was begun by William Cramp in 1830, when he was only 23; and for forty-nine years he remained at the head of it. When he set up for himself there were twelve other yards along the Phila ignificant, hunch-feeding remark made a bullet-headed man in the rear seat delphia waterfront, all quite as large as his Only one now remains of these twelve had my Zazas pushed in with the the yard of Neafle & Levy, which of late years has become like its rival a place for the construction of vessels for the Governand I was plumb out o' luck w'en I did I'm catchin' cold so fast I can feel ment.

'icebergs rollin' around me conk." This allusion to the clippers on the part In the '30s, and for years later, the capital needed to erect a shipyard wa little. Sheds, sawmills, slips and water delighted the extremely black barber

hat he was moved to pull the pint flask of gin from one of his rear pockets and frontage were all that was required Most of the work was done by hand hatchets and adzes were in constant use where now steam and compressed air plants puff and wheeze as they work. A single The car was still about two miles from tool in Cramps' shipvard to-day, the float orest, when the hat of the extremely black parber was blown off. He yelled to the conductor, but the conductor was busy ing derrick Atlas, cost more than the entire equipment of William Cramp's yard even welve years after it had begun operations

All the tools that had been used in build ng the wooden ships of the days before the war had to be thrown away in the lat '60 and early '70s, when the wooden vessels disappeared, and an entire new plant had to be erected. William Cramp was able and willing to make the sacrifice necessary to save his business and to that fact is due the survival and growth of the Cramp yard, when all but one of the older concerns have gone out of business.

a repairing tailor. Incidentally, he a lot of curicle from various portion The Cramp yard has changed its location once, and extended its borders many times. In 1830 it was at the foot of Otis street, nov ect upon that end of it. He was too busily engaged in picking called East Susquehanna avenue. There himself up and in watching the swiftly approaching car bearing down at full speed t moved to the foot of Palmer street, where its dry dock is still maintained. Now the main vard is further north, at the foot of Cumberland street.

To-day the main shipyard covers forty run square over his round straw tile, and then he took after the crushed top-piece six acres, while the docks at the foot of at a lope.

When he reached it he poked it into some Palmer street cover nearly six and a half more, making a total of 52.4 acres. The sort of semblance with his fist, removed the five-dollar note from beneath the sweat principal building is 1,200 feet long and 72 band and stuck it away in his waist-coal pocket, clapped the wheel-furrowed hat feet wide, with a ground and floor area of 460,000 square feet. It contains the bending shed, blackboard shed, shipshed, joiner or the next car The next car didn't stop. Neither did shops, moulding lofts, pattern shops, and the one after that, nor yet the one follow-ing. The crowds on board the flying care only jeered at the spectacle of the black machinery and store rooms, and is one of the largest structures under a single roof in

the world used for mechanical purposes. man with the funny-looking crushed hat and the kneeless trousers flapping his arms as a signal for the motorman to stop. The extremely black barber waited for the fourth trolley car, and when he saw it There is a boiler shop with 62,000 square feet of area, a machine shop with three floors covering 85,000 square feet, and among other less important buildings, the blacksmith shop has an area of nearly a position with both arms extended, as if he meant to board it by grabbing for the rear dashboard. His attitude looked so 31,000 square feet.

The main shipyard has a waterfront dangerous that the motorman reluctantly slackened the speed of the car and the extremely black barber crawled on board, of 1.517 feet, more than a quarter of a mile: and the wet docks cover 200,000 square feet The wharfage in the yards is just about It was twenty-three minutes past 2 when one mile in length. the car reached the field gate of the track As the ebon-hued barber sprinted for the entrance to the field and got past the ticket There are eight building slips, four with

500 feet each, and two of 600 feet each. Three overhead travelling cranes or gantries serve six of these slips. One of these enormous labor-saving devices travels 541 feet, another 629 feet, while the third travels 752 feet. Two of them

a building length of 480 feet each, two of

have spreads of 190 feet, with 86 feet hoist the third spreads 176 feet, and has a hoist of 73 feet. The dry dock is 472 feet long, and the marine railway hauls out vessels of 1,000 tons' register. The brass foundry handles

manganese bronze as well as brass, and can make a twenty-five-ton casting as easy as rolling off a log." The Atlas floating derrick cost \$30,000 more than the entire value of the plant in 1841. It was built in 1892, and has these dimensions: Its pontoon is 7314 feet long

by 62 feet wide, with a depth of 131, feet With a maximum load of 125 tons, and water ballast to bring her to an even keel, she displaces 1,563 tons, and has 16 inches f freeboard. of freeboard.

Her derrick mast is 116 feet 71, inches in height, while the underside of her boom is 65 feet above the deck. This great derrick lifted the eighty-ton boiler of the Minneapolis from the boiler wharf, carried

it 100 feet and placed it in position in the hold of the ship in twenty-seven minutes from the time of hooking on to the slings; and at another time lifted the four boilers of the Indiana, weighing 72 tons each, from the wharf to the hold of the ship in a from the wharf to the hold of the ship in a single afternoon.

The Cramp yard operates largely by compressed air, using among smaller ones, two compound compressors larger than any others in the world. Seventy-two years ago, William Cramp employed fewer than 100 men; the maximum number employed now is about 8,000 and the payroll from a few hundred dollars a week has

from a few hundred dollars a week grown to \$84,000, an amount reached not very long ago.

During William Cramp's forty-nine years of work in his own yard 207 ships were laid down there. Some of these were famous for their beauty and speed; some were the first of their kind in the United States. The Samson was the first steam tug in this country; the George W. Clyde was the first American vessel fitted with compound engines. The most important naval ves-sel built at the Cramp yard previous to the revolution in shipbuilding that occurred in the late '60s was the New Ironsides, a

ruising ironclad. neglected to play his own personally con-She was commissioned within elever months from the signing of the contract and was of unique design, 250 feet over all 58% feet beam, with a draught of 16 feet Her registered tonnage was 3,250. She was ship-rigged, and had engines of 1,800 horse power. She carried sixteen 11-inch Dahl-She Refused to Eat the Youngster and gren guns in broadside, and two 200-pounder

Parrott rifles on pivots, all protected by sloping armor four inches thick. She proved impregnable in war, resist-ing the explosion of a barrel torpedo at Charleston, and passing safely through several actions wherein two of her monito consorts were sunk; the only injury she suffered in more than twenty battles was the carrying away of a port shutter. She was burned in 1866 while lying in ordinary at the Philadelphia yard.

In the seventy-two years of its exist-ence, the Cramp yard, counting vessels under construction, has built 321 vessels, and 220 engines, ranging from indicated horse powers of 500 and 600 to 23,000, the latter being those designed for the armored cruisers Pennsylvania and Colorado Of the 321 vessels, 25 have been United States steam men-of-war, built at various

dates since 1861; one first-class protected cruiser, the Kasagi, for the Japanese Navy, four old-type cruisers, oneffirst-class cruiser, the Variag, and one first-class battleship, the Retvizan, for the Russian Navy; 103 ocean steamers of from 1,000 to 12,500 tons ocean steamers of from Low to 12,300 tons; 26 steamers not ocean-going; 54 tugs, 9 seagoing yachts, 18 clipper ships, and 60 odd other craft for various purposes. The Cramps have built these vessels now on the navy list of the United States: Balti-more, Yorktown, Vesuvius, Philadelphia, Newark, New York, Columbia, Minne-apolis, Indiana, Massachusetts, Brooklyn,

her family of kittens. She made her home in the stall of Dandy, one of the farm horses, and the kittens were always under his feet. But Dandy was fond of cats, and in some miraculous way avoided harming his guests. One day I noticed a young rat, about the size of a full-grown mouse, running about the stall with the kittens. Surprised that Tabby did not notice it, I caught her and held her nose down to it. She licked its face and then walked away. One morning, perhaps a week later, I found Tabby and her family established on a flower bed near the kitchen door. I gathered the kittens into my apron, and as I lifted the last one I uncovered the rat. It was taking its breakfast just as naturally and contentedly as the kittens, but when Tabby got up the little thing scurried away into the sweet peas.

I carried the attens to the granary and not them in a corner on a pile of empty sacks. When I turned round Tabby was just coming in the door with her foster baby in her mouth. She put it down in the corner with the kittens, but it immediately hid under the sacks. I placed a saucerful of milk on the floor and stood back out of sight to watch developments.

Tabby, after lapping it a moment, called her family. The kittens responded slowly, and then the tiny rat darted from its hiding place under the sacks and scrambled over the edge of the saucer, head foremost into the milk. When it climbed out Tabby attended to its toilet, licking the milk all off. After she had finished the rat didn't look much larger than the first joint of a man's thumb, but it sat up on its haunches and washed its face, head and ears in the most comical way.

We were all interested in this most unnatural adoption, but one morning the queer foster nursling was missing and we never knew what became of it. apoils, Indiana, Massachusetts, Brooklyh, Iowa, Alabama, Maine, Colorado and Pennsylvania; the last three not yet completed.

During the Civil War they built the New Ironsides, the Wyalusing, the Yazoo, and the Chattanooga, besides four transports.

Jay Gould's famous yacht Atalanta came from the Cramp yard, while many of the best-known merchant vessels sailing

from this port were built there.

William Cramp died in 1879; but some years previous to his death he had incorporated his firm, changing the name from William Cramp & Sons to the William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Company, which is the present name of

TALES BY UNCLE SAM. Things in Government Reports That Will Interest Little Folks.

remember, no doubt, that Haroun Al Raschid and his vizier and all the kings and princes who used to call on them were great story teliers and always ready to narrate some wonderful happening they had witnessed somewhere in the world. That was away and away back in the dim times that people call romantic and for which ome people often pine now.

Yet even while they are pining and wish-

ng that these times were not so prosaic, Uncle Sam is busy telling them stories every day. He calls them "Trade Reports and other dry names like that and it frightens many little folks who never like to read anything that does not look easy. So they do not dream what remarkable tales Uncle Sam tells. Thus one day last week one of Uncle

Sam's employees, a consul, sent him a little story from away out in Mesopotamia, where Nebuchadnezzar once lived, little thinking that one day a Yankee would pe prodding around that way. This consul old how a German exploration expedition had uncovered what was part of Nebuchadnezzar's great dining hall, the very one where the writing of fire on the wall struck is guests with fear one night. And he told also how the railroad was

progressing that is to connect the Medierrenean with the Persian Gulf. Now here was a story that every child in the 'nited States ought to have read with pleasure. For that railroad is to run hrough the land of the Arabian Nights.

It is to run into Bassorah, where once all the ships used to come in from the Land of Pepper. There it was that Sinbad set sail for the Land of Fire. It was to Bassorah that he returned with his wonderful tales of the great bird Roc, the valley of diamonds and the Old Man of the Sea.

And that railroad will run through Haroun Al Raschid's own town of Bagdad. Its tracks may be laid in the very places where the Commander of the Faithful and his famous Vizier used to prowl on those romantic midnight wanderings of theirs during which they met such pleasing gentry as the three one-eyed dervishes, the three ladies with the black dogs, the enchanted princess, the poor porter and the wood-cutter that found a diamond and thought

that it was but broken glass.

From Corea Uncle Sam has gathered a story of a mean and selfish man who deliberately destroyed \$118,000 worth of his own property in order to prevent anybody else from getting it. This man was a Japanese merchant, and he bought up entire ginseng crop of Corea for the Ginseng is the queer plant that is so highly prized by the Chinese. They love it, not only for food and medicine, but consider it

almost sacred and think that it has all sorts of magic qualities.

Well, this Japanese knew that he could charge all sorts of prices if he could only prevent any one else from getting hold of any Corean ginseng. But after he bought all there was he found that he had 68,120

pounds of it.

That is enough for almost three years' supply, for the Chinese regard ginseng as far too precious to eat in large quantities. The Japanese merchant knew that if he let any one know that he had so much the price would go down.

So he burned 13,100 pounds of it. And as

he had paid \$625,000, or more than \$9 a pound for the crop, he thus destroyed property that had cost him \$118,000. From Germany Uncl Sam has gathered a story of queer moving vans that are built to carry household furniture not from street to street, but actually from country to country. These queer vans travel so far that it is not uncommon to see a van with big German let-tering on it and the name of a Berlin firm,

colting placidly through Italian cities or the French plains.

And now it is proposed by a keen and imaginative business man to send these vans still further across the ocean into America. So before long it may be that we shall see German vans with pictures of Leipsic or Berlin or Dresden or Ham-burg trunding through our own streets, having moved an entire German house-hold bodily from the Fathlerland to New York or Chicago, or even Seattle or San

Francisco.

This is not the only funny thing that Uncle Sam has discovered in Germany On the River Elbe he has found great steamboats that move up and down the river for 290 miles from Magdeburg in Germany to Melnick in Bohemia without paddle wheels or propellers. They have their own machinery in them to be sure; but that machinery has hold of a chain that is stretched all along the river bottom from the one city to the other, and the poat moves by pulling itself along on the

At first sight this seems like going back At first sight this seems has going back to primitive times. But while apparently clumsy, this way of going is just the best that could be imagined for ships on the River Elbe, because the stream goes through so much mountain country that it is very narrow and very swift and steamers going with their own motive power have to use almost all their engine power in efforts

hold their own.
But with the chain a steamer can tow four or six barges holding from 1,200 to 1,500 tons, at a speed that powerful tug-boats cannot attain, and at an expense of only about one-third of the fuel required

y free running vessels. Of course you all have read of the brave Knights of the Order of Malta and how they long garrisoned and held the island of that name lying in the Mediterraneau. Well from that stronghold of chivalry and romance comes a report to Uncle Sam that what Malta wants just now is not armor or squires or shields, but just simple American soda water fountains. And the man who sends that news adds that almost every one in Malta wants to use the electric light and that there is a great field there

for American electricians.

Of course, if you are in a hurry you will say hastily that this is the way trade and business are driving all romance out of the world. But if you will think for a mo-ment you will see that really this march of American business is a far greater romance than the old ones that are disappearing before the new.

For our ploughs are going into Arabia where plainsmen still go on forays and soon there will be farms and the fierce robber bands will have no wild country in which to dwell; the Emperor Menelik of Abys-sinia is sitting (possibly even while you are reading this) before an American music box; the Sultan of Turkey, fearful all the time of being assassinated, carries an American revolver as he passes furitively through his magnificent palaces; the Shah of Persia has chained his great pet tiger with a chain made in Pennsylvania: the Rajah of Gwalior, who owns a carriage of solid gold and a palace far more splendid than any de-scribed in the Arabian Nights, has American harness for his horses; the seal hunters of Siberia carry American shot guns and re-Siberia carry American snot guns and re-peating rifles; the very head hunters of Borneo rejoice when they can obtain an American knife.

So you see romance is right here now. You must merely "get behind the looking glass," as Alice did.

Directions as to the Baby. From the Philadelphia Times.

From the Philadelphia Times

A Canadian firm recently placed with
the Montreal and Teronto newspapers an
advertisement of a new nursing-bottle it
had patented and was about to place on
the market. After giving directions for
use, the "ad" ended in this manner:
"When the baby is done drinking, it must
be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under
a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh
milk, it should be boiled."

ADVICE TO CAPTIVE BOERS.

TOLD TO TAKE THE OATH AND STAY IN SOLTH AFRICA.

Judge Hertzog's Address at Cape Town South Africa for the Afrikanders Still Concern Over the Spread of Mohammedanism Among the Natives.

A correspondent at Care Town sends notes of an address made by Judge Hertzog. one of the leaders in the late South African War, to the Boer prisoners on parole. The meeting took place in the Dutch Reformed Church in Cape Town by permission of the British military authorities.

The following are the salient points of the Judge's speech, which, throughout, breathed a spirit of determination to make the best of the new conditions and to work for the prosperity of the country:

"BRETHREN OF THE I REE STATE AND THE TRANSVAAL -We have received many requests for information as regards the future. I have been allowed by the military authorities to convene this meeting and address you on the subject. I cannot enter into details of all the events of the last few months, but I can tell you a few things which will be expected from you. "Peace at last has followed the pro-

longed struggle. Peace has become & necessity. I shall inform you of our reasons. The conditions upon which peace has been concluded you know from the newspapers. "It was impossible for us under the cir-

cumstances to do more then we have done; we could offer no further resistance and it is also for this reason that I invite you to submit to the inevitable. I am pleased to be able to assure you that his Majesty's Government will be generous in the amnesty it concedes to his Majesty's subjects who have taken part in the war on our side

"With regard to our brethren in Natal and Cape Colony, we have the assurance of Pis Majesty's Government that they will be tried by civil Judges - that is to say, those who have fought on our side after April 12, 1901. On their surrender they will be required to sign a document, and after inquiry from the High Court of Justice they will be examined by the Magistrates or by a special court.

"The penalty of death will not be applied. You need not make yourselves uneasy on that score. The newspaper reports of the last few days were very unfavorable with regard to that question, but yesterday I spoke to Mr. Graham, the Attorney-General, who has received instructions in accordance with what has been agreed upon at Vereeniging. "And now, what about the oath of alle-

giance? You will ask, Are we obliged to take it?

"It can burt no one to take such a formal oath. But it has been decided that the prisoners of war who are at present outside South Africa need only sign a declaration, and I thought that a similar declaration might also prove sufficient in this country. I therefore called on Gen. Settle, base commandant at Cape Town, who, however, told me that you will be required to take the oath.

"I know it cannot be pleasant to do so. for you cannot possibly do so from the botom of your heart. However, I expect 10 see Lord Kitchener on Monday, when he comes to Cape Town, and I trust we shall settle that difficulty. I have just received a letter from his lordship.

"Some one has come here from South America with splendid effers for you to go and settle over there. Brethren, I wish warn you against them. The war has not given us what we expected: that is, unfortunately, too true, but let us bear

our misfortunes like men.

"The struggle in the field has come to nother struggle awaits would be cowardly now to run away. have forced respect from our enemy, who was far stronger than we, as well as from the whole world.

the whole world.

"Continue to make yourselvesworthy of that respect. Stand shoulder to shoulder. The boundaries of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State have been removed; there are other boundaries now. We now have a task before us far greater thin we had in the field.

"Fighting in the field is easy; there you are led on by your passions. But it is make

are led on by your passions. But it is much more difficult to fight an enemy who has become a friend and to be careful not to exceed bounds of friendship.
"Our nation must remain here and pros-per. We, the leaders of the war, have de-

cided to remain here and to do our utmost for the progress of the country. "South Africa must belong to the Afri-kanders. Our friends in Europe will not regret the sympathy they have shown us. You stand in the presence of an accom-plished fact. Submit as subjects to the King show him due obedience, and beyond

that we remain as we are.

"Living by the side of our new friends, we will endeavor to strive forward by ourselves. But let me beg of you not because selves. But let me beg of you not because you are dishentened now to leave the country. A great work is waiting to be accomplished. In times when hard pressed and when things look very black I have often been comforted by the words of Shakespeare: 'To thine own self be true,' Fight for your rights like have men.' Shakespeare: 'To thine own self be true.'

"Fight for your rights like brave men.
I know full well that your hearts are sore
because of that oath. I was free and I
would not have taken that oath, but in your
case, where it is indispensable, remember
that your duty to your country is greater
than your duty to yourself."

In Natal while there is much satisfaction
felt at the annexation by the British Gov-

felt at the annexation by the British Gov-ernment of those parts of the Transvaal lying east of the Drakensberg Mountains to that colony the terms are severely criticised. A Natal letter states that one of the conditions is that Natal shall assume a large share of the cost of the war, which it is estimated will amount to about \$150 an acre of the area annexed, and be a serior

burden on the resources of the colony.

Another matter which is causing concern to the new Government of South Africa is the rapid conversion of the natives to Mohammedanism. A correspondent writes that this in great part arises from the war, which was taken advantage of by numbers of zealous proselyters from other parts of Africa as well as from Asia; and he furof Africa as well as from Asia; and he fur-ther says that at the present rate another fifteen, or at most twenty, years, will see native South Africa an integral part of Islam, banded in the brotherhood of a

This he regards as a great danger, and one that can only be met by the cordial cooperation of all the white races in South common faith.

All Recognized the Sound

All Recognized the Sound.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The Rev. Page Milburn's recent experience while delivering a sermon on the Judgment Day is being told among his fellow clergymen.

It was a peaceful summer night, warm enough to have all the windows open, but not sufficiently hot to cause a fluttering of fans. The reverend gentleman was preaching upon the last solemn moment of Judgment Day and presenting a graphic word picture of the majestic and triumphal coming of the judgment angel. Extending his arms, be began impressively. Hark! What is that sound that bursts upon my ear."

There was a general titler from the younger.

rent the air.

There was a general titter from the younger folk in the congregation. Thinking to stem the current of amusement by reproof, the clergyman continued in impressive tones. "Let not our minds be diverted. I say again, that sales are some that the base source that the clergyman that have some that the clergyman continued in the clerg "Let not our minds be diverted. I say again, what is that solemn sound that bursts upon my ear?" An ear-splitting series of splittings and yould came in instant rejoined from the combatants upon the fence. It was too much for spenker and audience. "Will the congregation join in the closing hymn?" said the discomfited preacher. And with a speedy benediction the service came to an abrupt conclusion.